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The Tangent: An Annual

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TANGENT

1932

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Editors, SOPHIE LIVESAY, L. F. CASEY
Business Manager, AL. COLLIER

Editorially Speaking

WHEN we first considered the Tangent of 1932, we had a few vague ideals in the back of our head. We were going to reform the College, Staff and Students; redress all grievances; defend the Weak; and uphold the noble tradition of Self-Expression.

Unfortunately in the process of extracting contributions from our modest workers, our fine ambitions dwindled away. So we discreetly changed our policy and are once more the Annual Voice of the Students. And whatever its other failings it is at least a Loud Voice.

We feel, however, that we have attempted something new in the way of decoration. All drawings have been printed from lino-cuts, and though this meant considerably more work, we feel that the results have justified it.

To our advertisers, to our business manager, with his forceful presence, to our contributors, we offer our thanks.

S. L.

The Library

The College Library is a Mecca for students who have a burning desire for knowledge. It is a treasure house of information on such varying topics as the kind of costume Samuel wore, what type of bed Henry VIII used, and what a modernistic frog looks like. It would take years of careful study to discover all the resources of such a library; but, on the other hand, a number of divisions have been made, according to subject, which facilitate the finding of material.

The Library has been built up by careful purchasing, and by gifts from interested friends. At the present time there are about one thousand volumes, dealing with all phases of Art and reference material. Some of these books are out of print and are therefore becoming more valuable as time goes on.

About a dozen of the best magazines on Arts and Crafts are subscribed to annually. These keep the students informed on modern movements as well as achievements of the past, and the old copies, as well as the current ones, are used continually.

Two years ago the Library was substantially enriched by the gift of almost five hundred volumes from the library of the late Robert Holmes, R.C.A., famous exponent of Canadian wild flower life, and beloved teacher at the College. Included in this gift were a number of very valuable books on plants and flowers; furniture, in which Mr. Holmes was greatly interested, and on which he was an authority; a few hand-lettered volumes; and some classical literature illustrated by well-known artists.

Among these might be mentioned Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates, beautifully illustrated with drawings and paintings by the author; "The Rape of the Lock," illustrated with drawings by Aubrey Beardsley; "The Romaunt of the Rose," rendered out of the French into English by Geoffrey Chaucer, and illustrated by Keith Henderson and Norman Wilkinson; "The Ingoldsby Legends," "Rip Van Winkle," "The Sleeping Beauty," and "Cinderella," illustrated by Arthur Rackham, the last two in silhouette; five copies of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," illustrated by Edmund Dulac, Elihu Vedder, Abanindro Nath Tagore, Ronald Balfour, and Frank Brangwyn, and one lettered and illuminated by Sangorski and Sutcliffe.

Of outstanding interest in the furniture section are two volumes by Percy MacQuoid, "The Age of Oak," and "The Age of Walnut." "Old English Doorways," by W. Galsworthy Davie and H. Tanner, is also a book of merit.

From over a dozen books on plants and flowers one might choose three for special mention: "Les Plantes," by J. Constantin, in which a great many plants are shown in colour as well as black and white; "Etude de la Plante," by M. P. Verneuil, and "Decorative Plant and Flower Studies," by J. Foord, both of which give excellent suggestions for conventional designs as well as accurate details of colour and formation of the growing plant.

Among the hand-lettered and illuminated volumes, besides the Rubaiyat already mentioned, are "Prayers written at Vailima," by Robert Louis Stevenson, and Tennyson's "Morte D'Arthur," both of which are beautifully executed by Alberto Sangorski, and that exquisite volume, "The Book of Kells," described by Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart., and illustrated with twenty-four plates in colour. The opening sentence of the Introduction explains why this volume holds the place it does: "Its weird and commanding beauty; its subdued and goldless colouring; the baffling intricacy of its fearless designs; the clean, unwavering sweep of rounded spiral; the creeping undulations of serpentine forms, that writhe in artistic profusion throughout the mazes of its decorations; the strong and legible minuscule of its text; the quaintness of its striking portraiture; the unwearied reverence and patient labour that brought it into being; all of which combined go to make up the Book of Kells, have raised this ancient Irish volume to a position of abiding pre-eminence amongst the illuminated manuscripts of the world."

It is indeed a great privilege for the students to have access to a library so replete with sources of ideas, working instructions, and inspiration to strive for the best; a library in which there are so many beautiful and valuable volumes that would otherwise be beyond the possibility of perusal except upon very rare occasions.

Mary Howell.

Nostalgia

It will be double white sea poppies
And frail green foam,
That I shall miss, bitterly,
Away from home . . .
And blown gold sand dunes—
A lone curlew . . .
Pale sails at sunset,
And changeling you!

Mona Gould.

The Janitor or—Toronto Weather

The wind's a surly serving man
Whom none may beck or call,
Noisy with broom and clattering can
In our Dominion hall.

He shouts at us in Esquimaux
Of farthest Hudson Bay,
And not a thousand miles of bush
Can warm his Arctic way.

And then he swings the eastern sky
Open from Labrador,
And what a draft comes heaving in
Across Atlantic's floor.

He shifts and slides the South away,
And Maryland is here,
Tossing his buckets of the rain
Across the thawing sphere.

He cleans the windows of the West
And leaves the casement wide
For sudden frost or blizzard host
To raid the country-side.

It's very hard to live with one
So picturesque in mind;
We'd like a change of janitors,
If God would be so kind.

Mary Munsell.

GLADYS THOMPSON.

Legends of the North

THE Objibway tribes, whose ancient range was from Ottawa to Lake of the Woods, had many curious superstitions, based for the most part on natural phenomena familiar to all who know the woods. Some of these, related by an Indian hunter, give the thrill of poetry and of the unknown.

When the fires of day-end burn upon the West, runs the legend, and the bright path is laid across the waves, the souls of hunters take this Sun-track to Far Hunting-Grounds. And when the Moon-track is white on the water the souls of little children are free to travel to that Land too.

When the full moon is up above the hills and the woods are all light and shadow, nothing substantial, the May-may-gwense slip out for elfin dancing in the Devil-Dance Hall of the Jack-Pine Forest.

In the fall of the year and the last of the moon headless skeletons run shrieking through the deadfall.

As such times too the bodies of the drowned come up to swim in the black pools and twisting rapids where they met death.

Pools below great rocks are sacred to Windigo. Here canoes can be seen moving under-water to super-human paddling. He who sleeps near such a place may wake at dawn to find some great shadowy thing strangling him.

Offerings are still made to the Windigo though perhaps no longer to the Gods who stand in the corners of heaven and send the winds as arrows of air from their mighty bows.

Casey.

Fancies That Evade Me

Dreams that move behind my eyes
Bring me sight of stranger moons
Than ever move within the skies:

Moons that drift and fade like dreams,
Dreams that move behind my eyes,
Coloured shapes and shapeless gleams,

Dreams that out of dreams arise,
Drift and fade like shapeless moons,
Dreams that move behind my eyes.

CASEY.

African Sculpture

THE story of African Sculpture is fascinating and thrilling, bringing echoes of the bizarre and sensual life of the jungle to a civilization sadly lacking these elements. But African Sculpture must be divorced from its enchanting background and be judged as sculpture, from a purely sculptural point of view. And we do not find it lacking in sculptural qualities. On the contrary we find—scarcely twenty years ago when it first made its debut into a world of art, and of artists revolting against the academic and decadent state into which art had descended, utilizing scientific discoveries of light and color in their search for new effects on canvas and in sculpture—these artists found in these "hideous little idols," as a missionary termed them, similar effects achieved with remarkable success. It was not only the artist who turned to primitive art for inspiration, but a whole country suddenly went in for it. The spontaneous popularity of this sculpture was remarkable—and perhaps unfortunate: for a sudden popularity is no pledge of lasting value.

"Over-civilized and jaded imaginations especially tend to worship the rude strength of the primitive, to dream of a noble savage and endow him with mythical virtues. To such minds the gaily-colored garments of the South Sea Islanders seem beautiful simply because they call up thoughts of his languorous, unconventional life; the African fetish is an excuse for dreaming of deep mysterious forests, tom-toms and weird incantations, of dark warriors and women of the tropics. Delightful as such revels may be, they are a sort of pleasure quite distinct from enjoying the object's merits of a work of art; they may be induced by any crude fragment, or in a vivid imagination, by nothing more than the mystic work 'Samarkand,' or 'Congo.' "

The intense interest in and the adaption of negro forms for subjects quite remote from African life leads one to believe that it is valuable on purely aesthetic grounds. But there seems to be difficulty for many people schooled in a cloying Greek perfection to appreciate these "crude, repellent and at times grotesquely comic fetishes?"

To judge this sculpture clearly one must consider of most importance its plastic qualities—its effects of line, plane, mass and color—apart from all associated facts. I might say here that a blind adulation of all negro art does not help one much, since great artists were as few among the negroes as among all other races. The work of lesser men is distinguished by their stiff formality, the imitation of forms once alive, now dead through years of slavish copying. Also a very important fact to bear in mind is that in Africa art for art's sake was unknown. These forms were not made in play or in a response to a pure impulse to create aesthetic forms, but as a necessary part of their tribal life. I am sure that if sculpture today could serve the people in the same manner that African sculpture served the savages in their tribal life and ceremonies of the jungle before the touch of civilization made it sterile, art would unwind this intellectualized net into which it

STAUNTON.

has crept where only a few lucky individuals may follow its windings—and become a part, and a very necessary part at that, of the life of the masses. This can only be, I think, when the masses of the people are liberated from their present economic and political subjugation to the few who are in control.

But to return to the sculptural qualities of African art. In sculpture one admires the perception of sculptural form and design. These qualities African sculpture possesses in abundance. In looking at the negro art "one comes to regard the statue not as a distorted copy of a human body, but as a new creation in itself, recalling the human form in a general way, but independently justified by its own internal logic, by the necessity and harmony of its part. Enjoyment, then, comes not from imaginary rich fulfilment, from the attempt to envisage some absent and beautiful reality through the medium of an incomplete representation. The sufficient reality itself is at hand, possessed as completely as any object can be, as one possesses music and becomes absorbed in it."

Let us consider how the African regards the parts of the body in order to transform it into a design. Quite differently from that of ordinary life and most sculpture. "It must not be seen as an inviolable whole, treated as one unit and merely posed in this attitude or that. The figure must be disassociated into its parts, regarded as an aggregate of distinct units. The head, limbs, breasts, trunk and so on, each by itself. So distinguished, and usually marked off by a surrounding groove or hollow, each part can be moulded into a variation of some chosen theme—a sharp, slender projection, or perhaps a smooth bulbous swelling—never exactly the same at its neighbour for that would be monotonous; never too far from nature, or completely abstract; for that would destroy its interest as representation, its relevancy to the world of human experience. In the same figure an artist may introduce two or more radically different shapes, perhaps repeating and slightly varying each one. Such contrast gives as in music an arresting and interesting shock to the observer. It carries with it a possible loss of unity; the whole piece may seem to fall apart, to be confusingly unrelated. Then the genius of the artist consists in finding means to weld the contrasting themes together by some note common to both."

Helen Nelson.

There was a young artist called Clair
With blue eyes and cute wavy hair,
But the rest of his fisog
Sure sets me all agog
I don't think it seems very fair.
Do you?

There once was a tall streak called Casey
Who was stream lined and really quite racy
His hair so medusing
Was quite too seducing
You'll know if you ever meet Casey!

Staunton.

PAULINE REDSELL.

Ignorance

A Few Modern Truisms Arranged in Verse by an American Negro.

A man who lets his wife go as she please,
Hair bobbed off and dress up to her knees,
Advertising for men without letting him know,
By having her legs and garters show,
He's a fool, a heifer-made fool,
Don't allow your wife to paint like a clown,
And compel her to keep her dresses down,
And you will be wise.

A man who lets a woman put a ring in his nose,
Lead him to jail and pawn his clothes,
Then lock up the house and hide the keys,
And put him out doors just when she please,
He's a fool, a hen-pecked fool,
From all the bobbed hair women stay as you can,
And be none of 'em's monkey but a straight-out man,
And you will be wise.

A man who has neither house nor lot,
But buys automobiles like bankers got,
Fords, Buicks, and Essex too,
But can't pay his rent when the time is due,
He's a fool, a style-plus fool,
You should gnaw on the matter as a dog would a bone,
Simply chew what you can and let style alone,
And you will be wise.

A man who rambles the country round,
Conjuring a half to make a pound,
First riding a freight, then a mail,
And every town he enters, gets in jail,
He's a fool, a sight-seeing fool,
Changing towns continually ain't worth a shuck,
But improve your disposition for better luck,
And you will be wise.

A man who loves his wicked ways,
Having boys and girls at home to raise,
Drinks his "shine" and does it strong,
But chastens his young ones if they do wrong,
He's a fool, a Church-going fool.
If you don't want your child to crawl and wallow,
Don't do it yourself and all will follow,
And you will be wise.

A man who reaped his wretched past
Got sick and breathed his dying last,
Been free and working all his life,
And left nothing behind to his wife,
He's a fool, a dead and gone fool,
Save as you work, spend as you pay,
But don't forget your dying day,
And you will be wise.

The Reverend Thomas H. Whyte.

Eleanor Rothwell.

St. Lawrence Country

The road goes up and down, in and out, faster and faster. Always it follows the River, the broad, silent river, the blue hills lying like animals to the left. The sun is shining, but it is cold, very cold for August, like late September.

The air is keen like cold water, cold river water. Up and down the hills, faster and faster! There is power in the air, on the road, the dusty road, road and river and sky, wild stormy sky, blue as the hills, blue as the river, road and river and sky.

To climb the hill, to twist the curve, to swing madly down the hill, down, down, then swirl and we are up again. There is power in the road to-day. It is alive.

* * *

The hills! To get to the top of them, to climb them! We must stretch our legs, we two, we must struggle on and on in the sun, in the wind, in the cold salt river air. We two, he and I. To the top of that hill we must run, and then over again, down and then up, he and I.

We will have our lunch in a farm-house. It doesn't matter where, they are all the same, clean and white, with a fat old woman.

"Eh bien, Quoi?" with her children staring at us, laughing at us.

"Pea soup, please, we will have pea soup! You will have pea soup?"

"Yes, yes, of course I will. And bread and butter."

And our lady looks down at us, while we eat our pea soup, laughing at us too, as we sit there eating.

She has fed us now, the old woman, and has put us out in her garden, he and I, warming our backs in the good sun. We pull at our cigarettes, and pouf, the smoke sails up, blue and transparent to the greater blue of the sky. This is life!

There are only two people in the world now, this river world, and one of them is he, and the other is I. We sit there waiting, getting our breath, satisfied. There is only one more hill ahead, then another and the wind. It will not leave us alone. It blows our hair, our clothes, our very selves. Together we jump up.

On again. We are going on. We start to walk, then we run, to the top of the hill, side by side, panting. There it is again, so that we stop. The same, but never the same. Blue hills, blue river, dark islands,—the joy to live.

He turns suddenly. We laugh. We catch hands and race together, down, down, the hill, faster and faster, stumbling and running along the road.

* * *

The road turns sharp now, the wind bears down. Slowly the cat comes, but I am driving fast, so that I just see her, that white and black cat. Will she come, or will she slink away? There is nothing to do. Only power to go, the cold and the wind, to swerve and go on.

She is on her back across the road. She lies there kicking from side to side.

From side to side. . . .

Sophie Livesay.

Bruno Cavallo.

Chastisement

Its with a mental
horsewhip
that one should study Art.
To flick and
slash
the dull grey
woolgathering wits
that blindly grope
nor see the light
and never catch
that spark,
that ice cold flame
that runs
smoothly alcoholic
like a cocktail
charging the veins
with electricity.
That subtile dart
that makes the
lightning
flash bright blue
and clouds
grow
livid green
with thunder:
or makes my
next door neighbour's
face
appear magenta
and his eyeballs
wildly pink.
Ah me! this thing called Art
is it divine
or just the bunk?
I think
there must be some of both in every part.

Staunton.

PAULINE BEDSELL.

"Paul Gauguin"

By Beril Becker.

"PAUL GAUGUIN" will be a perpetual source of delight to the many individuals who revel in anything that savours of the artistic and tragic. It is expected of artists to rush about being tragic, that is, by the great-hearted public. For the few people I have not mentioned, Gauguin will suggest an existence, strangely fascinating, cruelly primitive, yet buoyant with rare genius.

Beril Becker has successfully kept herself in the background, and at no time is one conscious of the writer. This has made it possible to collect a clear and vivid impression of her subject. In fact, not only of the subject, but of the varied and extensive settings throughout the book. She has carried this out in an indirect and casual manner, which however leaves a very definite idea with the reader. Becker has also represented the subject with such subtilty and skill, as to portray at one and the same time the character and purpose of the artist.

Gauguin was born in Paris in 1848. His father was a journalist, his mother a Creole of high descent. He spent his early years with his uncle, the Viceroy of Peru. He married and was the father of five children. At the age of thirty-five he suddenly renounced his family and position and devoted himself entirely to painting, of which he had but scant technical knowledge. The book cleverly brings out at this point his intimate contact with the well-known painters of the day. Without any effort and in very short space they are realistically portrayed. Gauguin turned to "Martinique," in the South Seas for inspiration and material. A year later he returned to Brittany in a futile effort to re-unite his family. The South Seas, however, seemed the only vital attraction for him, and he sailed for Tahiti, where he lived with the natives adopting their customs and habits. His last move is to the Marquesas, where after much toil and struggle against overwhelming difficulties he succumbed to the ravages of eczema.

As the book suggests, Gauguin's work is purely romantic and emotional, therefore inimitable. Unfortunately few people realize this, resulting in an elaborate period of primitive art. No doubt one of Beril Becker's objects is to distinguish for less thoughtful individuals a genius from a mere artist. The subject of Becker's effort thus finds his place among the immortals; not by reason of his contemporaries, but by the keener appreciation of a more discriminating age.

Clair Stewart.

Clair Stewart.

The Sculptor Speaks

Jacob Epstein to Arnold L. Haskell.

The "Sculptor Speaks" is a record of conversations between Jacob Epstein and the author, Arnold L. Haskell, over a period of years. It is written with the purpose of portraying Epstein, his art and his attitude to life as he truly is, and to do away with the prejudices and myths, so many groundless, which have risen around him. It is to some extent an attack on the critics who have accused him so unjustly of being insincere, and a sensationalist. It is an attempt to show that Epstein is an artist of truth and tradition and a clear and logical thinker. Mr. Haskell vents the indignation of years when he shows up the critic who knows nothing of art and less of sculpture who dares to criticise so great a man as Epstein.

This is a book in which one may learn a great deal about art. All the main issues are discussed in a cool and logical manner, and as one reads one feels the theme, not only a book about Epstein but a broad, sincere appreciation of those artists through history who have been inspired with something to say.

The illustrations are remarkably good and show perhaps more than the text what sort of an artist is Epstein.

Epstein is a sculptor. It is immaterial whether he works in clay or in stone. He uses the same method in both; when he is modelling he is dealing with the real, as in his portraits: in his carving he is working out an idea in the abstract. Yet he never lets it get the better of him. He does not believe in pure abstraction for its own sake, or because it is "different." There must be a reason for it. It is natural that the public should admire the realistic "Visitation" while they will not accept the abstract treatment of the same type of subject in "Genesis." For the onlooker can see and feel the suffering in the former while he simply cannot understand the other. The critic condemns the artist because he cannot see his point of view.

Epstein stresses the sense of shock which is found in great art. This does not mean sensationalism, the desire to arouse the public at all costs. The artist has something to say, and it is the power of this utterance which moves the spectator in a great piece of art, no matter how peaceful it may be. This movement is felt particularly in Michael Angelo but is perfectly controlled. The imitators of the great artists stress the personal characteristics, missing the thought and deliberation behind all great art.

The material to be worked and the subject have their influence on the creator. Rima, Night and Day, are all architectural problems, therefore have to be kept simple and direct in movement so that they will not disturb the mass of the building.

Distortion is necessary in art. In a photograph there is no distortion, no character or real likeness. The artist stresses some detail of the model and eliminates others to get the character. He uses his own discrimination, and it is this power to know what is necessary and what is not that makes the artist. It is here that his own personality comes in, his method of interpretation. Fundamentally all art is based on realism. In the selection of essentials the individuality of the particular artist is shown. In different ages, different methods came to the fore, but in spirit they are all the same. For the great artist is independent of time and place.

In the course of the conversations, the subject of influence arises. Epstein is accused of being influenced by the Africans, whose art he particularly admires and which he sums up as "the chief features of negro art are its simplication and directness, the union of naturalism and design, and its striking architectural qualities."

He denies that he has been influenced by African art, setting down the theory to the fact that he has frequently used negro models, but he treated them in a purely European manner. He says "African work has important lessons to teach. . . . I have tried to absorb those lessons without working in the African idiom." He thinks that modern artists can benefit by the art of others, and can translate it according to their own personality. "A complete re-creation in fact through a new mind. In this sense, it is correct to say that Van Gogh is influenced by Rembrandt, and Degas by Ingres."

Epstein is an individualist and a traditionalist in the true sense of the word. He says "all the great innovators in art were in the great tradition . . . however much they may have been considered rebels by their contemporaries . . . the rebel of to-day, hailed as the academic leader of to-morrow. It is only the despised rebel who is the real follower and who turns to the master when inspiration has worn thin."

S. L.

The Colyum

How to Write 'em

Three gentle kicks
At Politics;
A merry look
At play or book;
A flip at styles
Or Woman's wiles;
Large words on Art,—
Moderne and smart.
Hints how to choose
A blissful booze,
Quips neat and short
On Bridge or Sport:
A lyric note,
A little quote.
A pinch of fun,—
The Colyum's done.

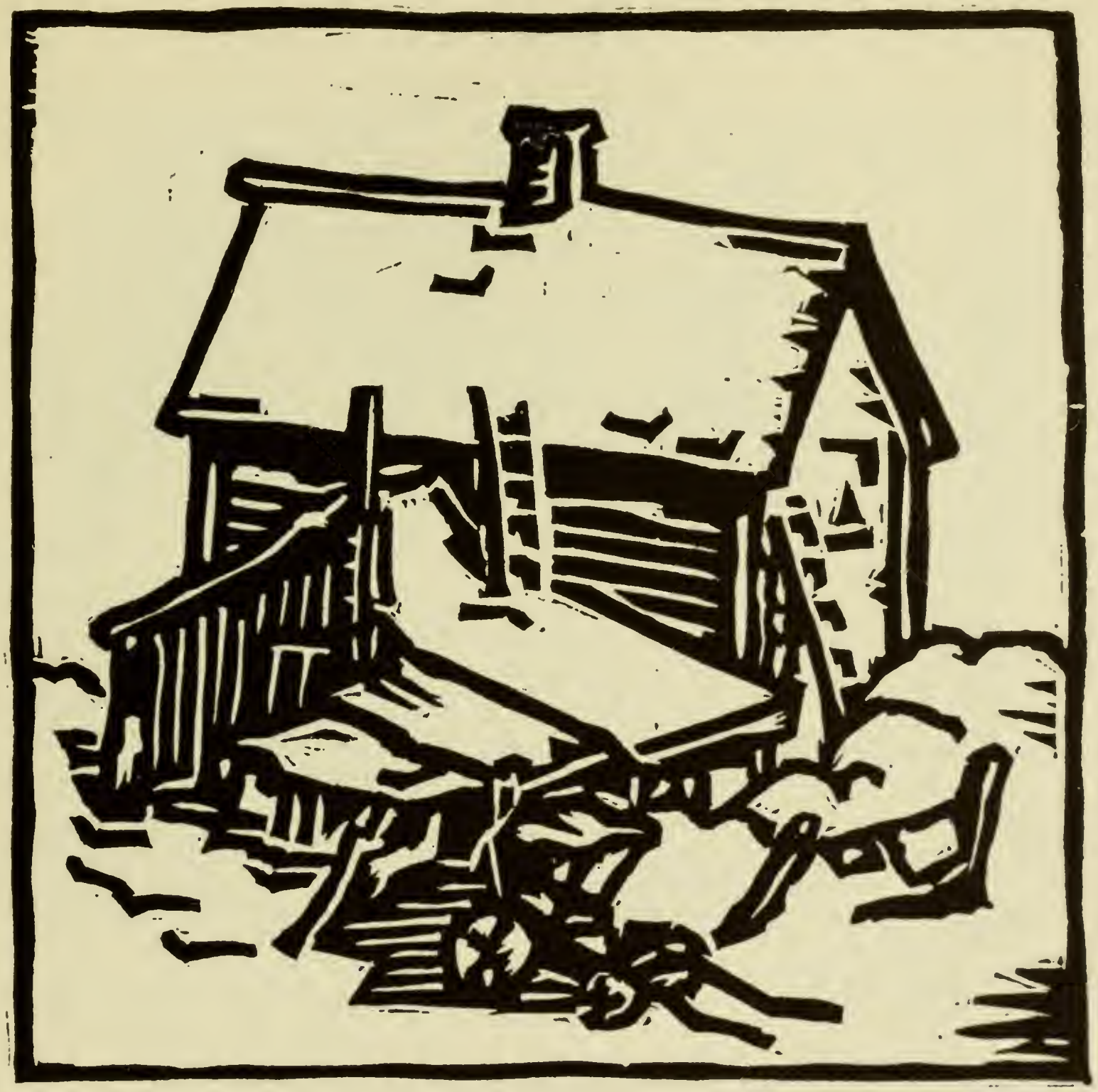
Merrian Bright.

"Form"

(*Apologies to Tennyson*)

Oh young artist
At work at your drawing board,
Grasp loosely your pencil
And search for the planes.
Take for example
The subtle curves of my hand—and
Follow it—Follow it.
Follow the Form.

Frances Neil.



NORVAL BONISTEEL.

Parties

IT was away back in the Fall of Thirty-one, when some five or twenty gallant souls braved the sea of censorship, and, though suffering privation and loss, finally emerged triumphant on or about the twentieth of November with the trembling remnants of a party about their throats.

Yes, it was a party, in fact, the Circus Party (suggested by prominent young Torontonian) and my, my, what jolly memories it brings to mind—"We'll have favors, no we won't, yes we will, we'll decorate the hall, no we won't decorate the hall—we'll have so-and-so's orchestra—no we'll have blah blah's orchestra—no they're lousy, get somebody else and so forth until finally all is arranged. Then we dance away the hours (and incidentally a pair of shoes) without a care in the world, until the following morning, when about two people arrive to help clean up, both of them usually being Helen Staunton. However, partitions go up, decorations come down and classes go on and on until the next time.

All of which means—

On Friday evening, November the twentieth, the Students of the Ontario College of Art held their annual Bohemian Party. This year the dance took the form of a Circus Party (suggested by prominent young Torontonian) and many a jolly clown was seen leading a dainty trapeze artist into the cleverly decorated hall. These decorations were all executed by the students and took the form of *rather daring* posters, depicting circus life. In the lunchroom was erected a large tent whence the guests partook of typical "Circus fare," consisting of "hot-dogs," ice cream cones, and pink lemonade. The dancing continued until two o'clock, after which the posters were auctioned off by Mr. Herkimer Ely and the students departed feeling well repaid for their labors.

So much for that!

And then, my goodness, there's the Kid's Party. Now here is where preparation counts! On the day before school closes for Christmas, one decides that one can risk spending fifty cents and hunts up a hair ribbon, or a pair of shorts, buys a fifteen cent gift and bless my soul there we are! One will have no voice, no instep and practically no gastronimii the next day, but who cares for a burst *larynx* to say nothing of a fallen astragalus. Noise is the main feature of the evening, and a foundry is a deaf and dumb institution when compared with the College on that particular evening.

All of which means—

On Friday, December the eighteenth, the Students of the Ontario College of Art held their annual Christmas Party. The gathering took the form of a supper, with dancing, games and distributing of gifts afterwards, Mr. Fryer officiating as Santa Claus. The guests were all dressed as children and skipping ropes afforded much merriment, to say nothing of"Farmer in the Dell," "Oranges and Lemons" and other such popular games. The party broke up at eleven o'clock and the students departed feeling well repaid for their labors.

And so is that!

F. R.

The Masquerade

IT certainly is wonderful what these Art Students (plague 'em) can do with a scrap of charcoal, a brush and a little paint. Who would ever think to look at our factory-like school on an ordinary day that within a week it could be transformed into a ball-room, beautiful and original, savouring of the East Indies? If you do not believe me, ask someone who was there.

East Indies.

The name alone is the essence of romanticism and what scope for decorative designs and costumes. One could see, with a slight stretch of the imagination, that the East Indies and the neighbouring countries were especially planned so that we might have a masquerade more wonderful than ever before.

For a change the decorations did not cover every available inch of ceiling and wall space. Instead it was handled in a way never attempted before as far as I know. And why not? Are not the East Indian countries different from the world of the Aztecs or the haunts of the denizens of the deep? It is really hard to say whether the large panels, hung amid rich brown draperies, were more appropriate than to have the whole wall covered, as there seems to be a difference in opinion, yet to me it appeared that while there was not the unity of design of other years, there was more quality and originality.

As for the dance itself, little can, or need, be said. While the attendance was a little lower than other years the enthusiasm of those present made up

very much so, for the lack of numbers. The costumes, too, were much above the average. Last year I felt that more work was put into the decorations and very little on the costumes, while this year the opposite was the case. Of course the subject made a big difference as it is virtually impossible to design and make a Javanese or Siamese costume without it being beautiful. The colours of the decorations were simple yet very effective, but the costumes were coloured in as varied hues as the spectrum and with as much richness. Jewellery hung from many a neck and wrist and complexions varied from white to almost black.

Even though we do change our complexions and mode of wearing apparel for one evening we have not the power to change our ear for music, and instead of stamping to the throbbing, thrilling tom-tom, we fox-trotted and waltzed to the sob and blare of a very modern dance orchestra.

And though our friend "The Star" intimated that our food would bear some East Indian disguise, it looked and tasted just like any other good Canadian food to all who partook of it. No better phrase can be used to sum up our Nineteen Thirty-Two Masquerade than to say, as has so often been said before, "A good time was had by all."

Al. Collier.

Composition Moderne

A red door
and a reeling
telephone pole
trailing its wires
like
some slightly inebriated
society grande dame
essaying to manage
her train.
A slash of
cerulean
is the sky,
a dash of
veridian
is the foreground,
a victim of
Delerium Tremens
is the artist
surely?
A dazed spectator
is the result.

Staunton.

GILBERT SCLATER.

Art Students as Critics

"I like this;
"I don't like this;
"I do like this one though."

Fond reader, she is not pulling the petals from the tell-tale daisy. Neither is the uncombed lad her partner in the song. They are going the rounds of an Exhibition in the Art Gallery and delivering criticisms of the pictures as it beseems waxing artists so to do.

"I do like this; I don't this——"

On they go rejoicing, and if the exhibition is just being hung or if "Gallery Notes" are to be made, a dozen other rejoicers follow in similar song. Should some suffering soul protest and beg criticism instead of these coy little revelations of self, the budding ones will probably inform him that the picture in point is, "swell; grand; a wow" or else "putrid; filthy and lousy." Pressed still further the critics mumble something about "good composition, swanky colour, a certain something—don't *you* know—"

If you are interested in guessing games, fond reader, you might like a recipe for guessing the year of a student of O.C.A. by his attitude and remarks in the Gallery.

First year people, you know, are properly mum and slip from room to room with frightened glances at the more appalling examples. They will probably wear expressions of holy awe before the Paul Peel.

Second year boys don't go to the Gallery; they are too busy around the piano at noon. But the girls run over and smile with delight and complete understanding before the more spectacular pictures of Mr. Lawren Harris, remarking "isn't it cute!"

Third year people go in pairs and are rather subdued. They go in for noticing composition and good drawing and discussing same in quiet tones. There are of course a few exceptions to this rule.

Fourth year people go in flocks and really cut loose from the tying-posts of subduement. They are frantically interested; stick fingers into impasto; spit at choice things; express the odd wish to jump on something; employ all the "grands" and "swells" and slangy opposites of these that are to be found in vulgar speech; even dance before some masterpieces.

Not for these awakening souls does mere sound painting suffice: they require facility before felicity and fadism before finesse. One may be seen rapt before the Lawrences'. Two are ecstatic before the scatter-brained American water-colours. Five are in throes before the Charles Comfort's.

Yet the majority of these larger fry are blind to the Jackson's and claim to being fed up with the group of seven in general.

But to make an end to this and add the necessary sugar before the tea is all gone, let me say that there is very little praise lavished by the above-mentioned fry on bad work and there is a splendid open-mindedness to classic achievements and modern endeavours. The Steinlin drawings and the Meryon etchings were not passed by; the Goya did not go unworshipped hence; the Chinese scrolls are not unloved.

If only the besmocked ones would learn that English has words fit for praise and for spleen!

Casey.

Sylvia Hahn.

The Settlement Little Theatre

GRANGE PARK'S attraction for Art is proverbial, it having long been known that She is often to be found in the Gallery, the Ontario College, the Students' League and the Craft shop. It is not so commonly known that the Goddess is also apparent at the University Settlement.

The few Park-Dwellers who give a thought to the Settlement suspect that it is a worthy enterprise, fostering supervised recreation and mothers' Clinic. A very few know that it is a happy, hopeful place where the workers are inspired and inspiring, where many young and new Canadians find good direction, and where people of many nationalities find friendliness possible.

And the Lady Art, what has she to do with this?

Well, you see, for years the Settlement children, under the direction of Miss Muriel Boyle, have presented Christmas entertainments. And if this year's was a fair sample, art has more than a bit to do with them.

The childish charm of the thing influenced my opinion perhaps, but I am sure that I found the stage pictures constantly delightful in colour and grouping of figures. And playlet, song and dance were comparable with anything in children's repertoire. So what did it matter if costumes were made of odds and ends, floor-lights of biscuit boxes and screens of hessian?

The song was an old English one, acted and sung by three children, who seemed to realize the stilted beauty of the verse and to delight in that and the elegant little by-plays. The setting was designed by Florence Bernstein.

Then came a toyland ballet, created by Olga Vigod and given by children of four and five. There was real dancing in this, unbelievably as charming as the naivete of the little dancers.

Finally came a playlet, "Cinderella," a new setting by Bernita Miller, of the University of Toronto, with three very effective settings designed by Narcisse Pelletier. The play contained countless little original touches of wit, humour and rhyme, and seemed to be very much to the taste of the players. Oh, and the Prince was a Finn lad, who has only been speaking English for three years. (I felt quite flattered because I had applied his moustache, really.)

Casey

Narcisse Pelletier.

A Letter from Japan

By a Former Editor

"And now I look back to one of those days that came like a—I can't think of anything they are like—a day when all the loveliest things seem to penetrate. We caught the early morning train from Yokohama, and across the roofs and away rose Fujiama in the rosy light of early morning. I don't wonder she is Japan's sacred mountain. Tokyo is mainly modern, but when we left it behind we passed the loveliest villages of thatched cottages (something like English ones except for their temple-like roofs) nestling in bamboo groves. About twenty miles from Nikko you come to the avenue of cryptomeria trees planted by Matsudaira Masatsura in memory of an ancestor. The red pines at Vancouver are more like them than any other trees I've ever seen.

"The main street of Nikko is a long, long uphill, but you don't notice that it is steep because shops on either side show such fascinating things—porcelain, wicker baskets, shoes, damascene ware, silks of every colour. On your way to the hillside where most of the shrines are hidden in cryptomeria trees you pass the sacred red lacquer bridge, which is only used once or twice a year on ceremonial occasions. Then you climb many stone steps and come to the Temple of the Three Buddhas. It is a very big temple, and being the first I saw I remember it clearly. The priest, in black robes, told us to take off our shoes, and we stepped onto the matting inside. In the dimness the three Buddhas looked down on us, distant but benign. They were of gold lacquer, and the lotus bloomed there in stone. There was an Indian student with us who said, 'Yes, that means the flowering of divinity in man.' He talked to the priest about Buddhism in India, and the priest said, 'You got great man'—(raising his hand high above his head) 'Great man Gandhi.' As we passed under the wonderfully carved gateways ('The gate where one lingers all day,' is the Japanese name for one of them) and saw one temple after another, the ancient stone lanterns and the great bells that call the people to the shrines, it seemed almost incredible that so much should be hidden in the shadows of one hillside.

"We watched a Shirto dance in one of the temples, a sword dance over three hundred years old. Three of the priests sat on the ground to our left and played a drum, a pipe and cymbals. Two girls in red and white silk, and carrying a half sheathed sword of very beautiful design stood on our right with bowed heads. The music began very softly and the dance was slow with smooth turning movements, the two of them doing just the same from opposite corners of an invisible square. The music grew more insistent and they unsheathed the swords and made slashing gestures around their throats and whirled round to a crashing climax: then the music gradually died down and at last they sheathed their swords again and sank down."

Kathleen Hilken.

WINNIFRED WATSON.

Sunday Morning in Ukraine

With illustration by the Author.

Ukrainian village—Spring—Life . . . . .
Every one has hope—even she.
Sweet-scented flowers are dancing—
Heavenly music pours forth from feathered throats.
Blooming orchards. Pulsating life.

Sunday. The summoning church bells in the distance. The pious villagers answering the call. Every one is going—even she—with her brood to thank the Almighty for the fruits born of their daily toil.

There she goes, lonely; in one hand the son; folded to her breast the daughter; while *he* rests in peace—a sacrifice to War.

The little hands warm her heart; for they are hope and hope is life.

Norman Maraz.

Kolomeyki: Stanzas of Dance Song

(Ukrainian Folk Song)

I would sing my Kolomeyki
  If I sang them true;
But I dwell in foreign land
  Where folk laugh at you.

Since it is a foreign land,
  Since the folk are so—
They must only laugh at me,
  And my heart shall know.

Violins of lime-trees, scented,
  Strings of periwinkle,
Men shall hear, in Ukraïna
  Fairy cymbals tinkle.

For myself I am a player,
  Player, and bird singing—
When comes my unhappy fortune,
  Like a bird I'm winging.

The Tired Model

The Artist said to Nature, as he wiped his brushes dry,
"I'm tired of painting trees like trees, and sky that looks like sky.
When you were young you were divine, but now it's time to part.
I'll bid you farewell, Nature, for I know you now by heart."

So Nature smiled and left him, no whit abashed was she,
And lay upon a moss-grown bank beneath a shady tree
Where ferns and grass and flowers grow and willows bend and weep,
And Pan laid by his pipes a while, all still, so she could sleep.

The Artist, in his freedom, cast ancient customs by
And where the paint fell from his brush—why, there he let it lie.
To paint the formless spirit was now his only goal.
He tried to paint fair Nature with no body, only soul.

Then Nature roused herself and rose from off her mossy bed
And yawned and stretched her shapely arms above her lovely head.
"I let him mess around with paint the livelong day," said she,
"But I will have him know he can't take liberties with me!"

The Artist eyed his painting and, though he'd not confess,
The painting of the spirit was not a marked success.
E'en to him it had no meaning, it was flat and bare and cold.
He sighed, looked up, and saw her stand before him as of old.

No word he said in greeting, but with a palette knife
He smeared that soulful painting out and sketched her from the life.
And as he painted "skyey" sky and sketched a "treey" tree
"In spite of Modern Art," he said, "she's good enough for me!"

Sylvia Hahn.

There was an upstanding young fellow
Who went by the name of Cavello
While in search of the Doll'ar
He joined up with Collier
And the money rolled in just like hello.

Two lads known as Sydney and Norman,
At a dance once acted as doormen,
An attempt at gate crashin'
Aroused them to passion,
So they both started stampin' and stormin'.

SYDNEY STEIN.

Sonnet Suggested by a Calla Lily

When these moon-glowing lilies are decayed,
The soft, white flesh of them a mocking shell,
That luminous with life and unarrayed
Stand disentangled from the shadowed spell:
When those full slender stalks have wilted down,
Those blue-green stalks behind their crystal wall;
When their moist youngness has been turned to brown,
To withered fibres of an early fall:
When this night's calm has been at last dispersed;
When pale, sharp claws of early light have caught
And frayed this incandescent gloom, and thirst
Has come for some cold scorching draft of thought:
Silver against the lilies, silver one,
Before that time has come you will be gone.

Murray Carlaw Bonnycastle.

May Morning

Now turning to the morning Sun;
Brightly begins the city day;
One walks beneath a green-gold glory
Hung on the boughs of grey.

The flooding of the sprinkling water
Ripples along the mountain brooks,
With oriole and robin singing,
Sweet as in country nooks.

Beside a bed of daffodils
A yellow wagon lights the street;
Over a fence look lilacs budding
With tulips at their feet.

Sometimes the people of the town
Like convicts to their duties throng;
Now maids and children, cars and men
Are one with robin song.

O Spirit of the living earth
That draws the leaf and brings the bird;
Give us to do in city labor,
The beauty of thy word.

Hope Young.

Stein Song

'JOHNSON,' said John's mother one day, 'You must Goforth into the world and seek your fortune. You can be our Wardner no longer.'

'Howell I manage to Livesay in an apartment?'

'Watson,' put in John's father, 'Dinsmore than I can believe of you. Shirley you can buy some meat and Fryer Stewart?' Though I must say Ida Heller a time myself at first. If you are Despard you know, you have Moore than the Price of a Daly Cook.'

'Let Maraz you something,' said John. 'When Amos 'sposed to leave?'

'Oh, you're Staunton Wright away,' said his mother. 'Here Coombes the car now. I can hear the Horne. I'll Harron nice lunch packed for him,' she added, 'in Casey is hungry.'

'Here Collier dog off,' said John, and, getting into the car he drove oil till he came to Bonnycastle. 'I Maxwell stop here,' he said: 'I'll Brymner lunch out and Hoover picnic.' In the castle he heard a weird noise and was tempted to Beatty retreat, but his curiosity got the upper Hahn. 'I'll Tracy till I find 'ee,' he said in a Brown study.

Suddenly he came upon a beautiful maiden named Shirley; one of the Bon Tong of Mounfield, who had a Bonnisteel trap caught on her Cruickshank. She was furious at being found in such a state. 'Neil down and unfasten me,' she cried. He did so and tactfully poured Oille on the troubled Walty. 'How do you feel now?' he asked and weepingly she replied that 'Sheffield O.K.' so then, and there, 'Au Claire de la Coombe,' as the saying goes, he proposed to her, for, as he remarked afterwards, he 'would have done so anyway sooner or Sclater.'

Frances Neil.

The Lament of the Jewellers

(To the tune of Sweet and Low.)

High and low, breathe and blow
On incess - ant - l - y
What ho! No more blow
Breath don't go back on m - e
Over the glowing copper go
Fashion a ring or a bracelet so slow
When will my lungs be free - e
Link up a little chain
Solder a joint again
—Gee!

Connie Clendening.

THE PRESIDENT. *Linoleum cut by Al Collier.*

History of Architecture

NOTES TAKEN IN CLASS

1. Pope Gregory the straight-eight.
2. Christian churches were just nipped and tucked.
3. The early Christians developed to a high point the art of mistakes.
4. Growth of Rome: All burials took place outside the walls.
5. Chief building materials used in Byzantium were common clay and rabble.
6. Development by Byzantium of indented dome, to cover a blank space. In use at the present day.
7. The Romans juggled the masses and crossed their faults.
8. Cistercians hung up in pigeon holes and collected seeds.
9. The Abbaye aux Dames at Caen was built by the wife of Napoleon, William the Conqueror.
10. Did you ever have cauliflower without cream sauce?

Staunton.

There's a great little college called O.C.A.
Tucked right behind the Art Galleray,
From teachings therein, the studes hope some day,
To earn rare fame, or a high salaray.

Ann Duke.

Epitaphs

There was a sweet youngster called Walty,
Whose framework was thought to be faulty,
But his heart was too pure
For the world to endure—
So now he's laid out in a vaulty.

There was a young lady called Grace,
Who would pun in each possible place,
But she punned once too of'n,
The class rose in wrath 'n
Her corpse was shipped home in a case.

Here lies Stewart stark and stiff.
We view his tombstone with a sniff,
He wore himself out being lazy,
So now he's holding up a daisy.